

THE ONE-MAN WOMAN

IF DAN COULD TELL!

By Ruth Agnes Abeling.
BEGIN HERE TODAY

The greatest tragedy of all came into the life of KATE WARD, the girl who had been a beauty queen in high school. In her youth she ran away from home after a misunderstanding with her mother. Then came life in the big city, her love of

KATE WARD, her marriage to him, his death and finally her return to the home of her childhood. Her mother, who learned, was dead. Kate settled down to care for her old father, BEN PARSONS. Then the other woman appeared.

CHINATOWN ALICE, who declared that Dan Ward was the father of her child.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Kate Ward gazed at the girl, fascinated by the grotesque effect of her mother and her childishness.

Then her eyes turned to Dorothy and lingered there.

Dorothy was beautiful. Small of stature, well rounded as to legs and arms, brown eyes and hair, with a lovely smile. There was something strangely like Dan about her. Kate thought; there was the small combination of spirituality and earthiness that she had loved in Dan. Kate brought it all back to her mind. The sight of her opened the wounds and set them throbbing.

"Chinatown Alice," she echoed, "sincerely hearing her own voice."

"Chinatown Alice," the girl repeated and then laughed. There was no mirth in the crackling sound, simply rattling and jarring of vocal tones.

"And what did you want me to do?" Kate questioned, "did you want me to take the child, keep her?"

"I couldn't do that, you know," Kate found herself rushing on. "I couldn't. I couldn't. Her hands were on my face, shut out the sight of Dorothy, who still sat on the edge and watched the two women with wide, wondering eyes.

"Take her," Kate heard Alice broke. "Take the only thing I've got in the world!"

"I may be a Chinatown woman," Kate said. "Maybe there isn't much that care for any more, or much of a love for me, but I'll keep my child. There are other things you could have. My voice had lost its fury and her white face was wistful. "If I had a little money I could send her to a nice school where she could take lessons and learn things I didn't have chance at."

(To Be Continued.)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

Off went Nancy and Nick to get the notes out of the chimneys—notes that the children had written to Santa Claus to tell him just what they wanted for Christmas.

The first house they came to was Jimmy Jordan's, out in the country. The twins, in their little Green Shoes, landed softly on Jimmy's roof. Then they tiptoed to the chimney and slipped down.

"It was dark!" Dark and noisy, and it had not been for two weeks that the Toymaker had been there. I'm afraid they couldn't breathe at all.

"I'll say," said Nancy softly. "We must be quiet. Tweeeknose, the wicked little gnome, may be hiding somewhere. If he gets into the chimney with us, he'll get Jimmy's letter and tear it up. You know he's a mean and the gnomes are jealous of Santa Claus."

Suddenly Nick whispered, "There's the note! I can see it sticking between two bricks about half way down."

Tweeeknose didn't get it after all. You stay here and watch and I'll climb down and get it."

So Nancy stayed and watched for bad little Tweeeknose, who got his name because he slipped into nurseries whenever he got a chance and tweaked the babies' noses and kept them awake. And while she watched, Nick climbed down the sooty chimney.

Pretty soon he came back with the letter, sooty but sure, but easy to read for all that. Here's what Jimmy said:

"Dear Santa Kios: Please bring me a Christmas tree, and a pair of boots and a dishing pig. Your truly, JIMMY JORDAN."

"Of all things!" exclaimed Nancy. "Just wait! Here's more," said Nick.

"P. S.—A dishing pig is a balloon like a pig, that blows up and dies down."

(To Be Continued.)

GOOD MANNERS

A fine balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.—Proverbs 11:1.

Justice and truth are two points of exquisite delicacy that our coarse and blunted instruments will not touch them accurately.—Pascal.

A PUZZLE A DAY

An inch worm, climbing up a tree 40 feet high, climbs four feet each day and slides back two feet during the night. How long does it take him to reach the top?

Yesterday's answer.

Sprinkle the pieces of chicken with the paprika and fry in the bacon fat or oil until nicely browned. In remaining fat fry the onion, thin sliced, the garlic, finely cut; the green pepper, cut in strips, and the rice. When rice is yellow, place all with the chicken in a kettle, add water and tomato, and cook slowly until chicken is tender and rice is soft. In serving, turn rice on to platter and on it lay the pieces of chicken. The rice will take up the liquid, leaving just enough to make it moist.

Note: The quantities of salt and pepper may not be sufficient. Always season more to taste.

A THOUGHT A DAY

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KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

Is guaranteed by 30 years' experience to relieve all cases of Catarrh of the bladder, urethra, prostate, etc. It is a powerful, yet gentle, cathartic, and is the only remedy that will cure the disease without causing any harm to the system.

Druggists have it.

FREE

Write to Dr. J. M. Kondon, 300 N. Main St., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE DUFFS

Tom Gives His Alibi BY ALLMAN

I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. SANDSTONE, THE LAWYER, PLEASE.

HE IS BUSY RIGHT NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT—HAVE A SEAT, PLEASE.

YOU SEE, THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS. THAT'S THE TOWN YOU ABOUT—I WANTED TO KEEP IT AS A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE FOR HER.

HA-HA-HA—THAT'S A GOOD ONE I'LL SAY!

MRS. DUFF HAS HAD ME RATHER WORRIED TOO—SHE HAS BEEN SPENDING A GREAT DEAL OF HER TIME IN AN UPSTAIR ROOM WITH THE DOOR LOCKED—SHE KEEPS IT LOCKED ALL OF THE TIME.

WOULDN'T LET YOU IN, EH? STRANGE SORT OF A STUNT!

I'LL SAY IT'S A STRANGE SORT OF A STUNT—I CAN'T DOPE IT OUT.

I THINK SHE DOES THAT THINKING IT MAY HAVE SOME EFFECT ON YOUR STAYING OUT NIGHTS!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW BOBBY COON SAVED UNCLE BILLY

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

The hunter knows no pity. No mercy fills his heart. What cares he for the terror That is his victim's part? —Bobby Coon.

It was Bobby Coon who had saved Uncle Billy and made the hunters lose a Possum dinner. Uncle Billy didn't know it then. Bobby Coon didn't know it then. You see, it was Bobby Coon who tracks the dog had found and who had been driven up in that tree and had made those hunters so excited that they forgot all about Uncle Billy and so gave him a chance to get away.

Bobby Coon knew nothing about the troubles of Uncle Billy and he wouldn't have given a thought to them if he had known about them. He had troubles of his own. Yes, indeed, Bobby Coon had troubles of his own. It was the first time that season that Bobby had been hunted. All the fall he had been stuffing himself so as to be as fat as possible all winter. Now, fat people cannot run fast or far. Bobby discovered that very shortly after he learned that that dog was after him. He ran as fast and hard as he could, but he wasn't run very far. You see, he was so fat that he soon became short of breath, and then there was nothing for him to do but to take a rest.

At first Bobby felt quite safe and made himself comfortable high up in the tree. But when he heard the voices of those hunters he knew that he was in great danger. He knew that dogs cannot climb trees, but he knew that hunters can. He knew that Bobby Coon knew nothing about the troubles of Uncle Billy and he wouldn't have given a thought to them if he had known about them. He had troubles of his own. Yes, indeed, Bobby Coon had troubles of his own. It was the first time that season that Bobby had been hunted. All the fall he had been stuffing himself so as to be as fat as possible all winter. Now, fat people cannot run fast or far. Bobby discovered that very shortly after he learned that that dog was after him. He ran as fast and hard as he could, but he wasn't run very far. You see, he was so fat that he soon became short of breath, and then there was nothing for him to do but to take a rest.

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AN EDITORIAL BY FLORENCE DAVIES

TREASURE SEEKERS TAKE NOTICE

Great excitement. Discovery of some of the best of the world's treasures. The treasure seekers scatter it to every quarter. The tightest set newspaper gives the story a few lines; others spend on it a "stick-full" or even more space.

There is romance, as well as historic value, in the finding of coins minted so many centuries ago. As children we learned of ancient Croesus and his fabulous riches. As rich as Croesus was the standard comparison a few generations ago.

A rare find, yes, for the archaeologist. But what about the treasures that are lost all around us every day of the week? Childhood's innocence, the faith in our fellow men and women that should go out with us into the beyond, growing stronger, not weaker, each year of our pilgrimage?

What about the talents, yes, the genius, thwarted, buried deeper than the coins of Croesus?

"What do we do to them, these children with the bright eyes and quick intelligence, that they are all in the same mold after a few years, unthwarted, unquenched?"

No, we don't dig for future artists and musicians and great leaders as the antiquarian digs for old coins. They are talented. But public indifference, parental ignorance or greed, too, work shops, and poverty dulls the dreams in their eyes.

When we learn the value of rosy cheeks, sound muscles, clean young minds and individual talent of hand and brain as we do material riches, the millennium will be far nearer than it is now.

FAINT HEARTS' CHRISTMAS PLEA, BY BERTON BRADLEY

Oh, Santa, oh, St. Nicholas, who brings us gifts to tickle us, Who rambles in and scrambles down the flue: Among the visit various to houses multifarious, There is a task I'd like to ask of you; I love a sweet divinity, a pearl of femininity, Please put her in your sleigh with you and hurry her away with you And bring the Miss direct to this Address!

My heart may show unsteadiness but all shall be in readiness If you contrive to make the drive with her. Instead of stockings hung about—as all the birds have hung about— You'll find I've hung a tressure, as it were, Of raiment fashioned cunningly, At the very heart of the matter, Man's trick where the stream had dwindled to a silver thread between mossy banks, Beatrice and Ben made their noon camp.

But it was not to be that this journey should hold only delight for Ben. A half-mile down the river he suddenly made a most momentous and disturbing discovery.

He had stopped his horse to re-read the copy of Hiram Melville's letter, intending to verify his course. His gaze came to rest upon a familiar name.

Look out for Jeff Neilson and his gang of some of my old friends!

At first he did not glance at Beatrice. Slowly he folded the letter and put it back in his pocket.

"I'm going all right," he announced. He urged his horse forward.

It seems to me we must be heading into about the same country," Ben went on. "You see, Miss Neilson, I'm going to make my first permanent camp somewhere along this still stretch."

"My father has come to the conclusion that it's really worth prospecting. He's in this same country now."

"I suppose I'll meet him—I'll like to meet him tonight when I take you to the cabin on the river. You said his name was 'Neilson'."

Ben's thought flashed to Ezra. The recovery of the mine had been the old man's fondest dream, the last hope of his declining years, and this set-back would go hard with him. But there would be certain planning, when they met again over their camp fire. And there were three of them allied now. Fenris the wolf had come into his service.

CHAPTER VII

The Wolf Scents Death.

As twilight darkened to the full gloom of the forest night, Ben and Beatrice rode to a lonely cabin on the Yuga river—one that had been built by Hiram Melville years past. They had seen a lighted window from afar, marking the end of Beatrice's hard day's ride.

"Of course you won't try to go on tonight," she asked Ben. "You'll stay at the cabin?"

"The likely won't be room for three," he answered. "But it's a clear night. I can make a fire and sleep out."

They halted at last; and Beatrice saw her father's face framed in the doorway. She hastened into his arms; waiting in the darkness Ben could not help but hear his welcome. Many things were doubtful; but there could be no doubt of the love that Neilson bore his daughter.

"But why so many horses, Ben?"

"There's nothing I can say—to thank you," the girl was murmuring.

"trice?" he asked. "You brought some one with you?"

"He's a prospector—Mr. Darby," the girl replied. "Come here, Ben—and be introduced."

Ben had already decided upon his course of action. He knew perfectly that if he only put Neilson on his guard if he stated his true position; and besides he wanted word of Ezra. "I may have a wrong steer," Mr. Neilson, he said, "but a man I met down on the river trail, out of Snowy Gulch, advised me to come here. He said that he had some sort of a claim up here and that his brother left him, and though it was a pocket country, he thought there'd soon be a great rush up this way."

"I hardly know who it could have been that you met," Neilson began doubtfully. "He didn't tell you his name?"

"Melville," I believe that was it. And if you'll tell me how to find him, I'll try to go on tonight."

"Melville, eh? I guess I know who you mean now. But no—I don't know of any claim unless it's over east beyond here. Maybe further down the river."

Ben made no reply at once; but his mind sped like lightning. Of course Neilson was lying about that claim. He knew perfectly that at that moment he was occupying one of Hiram Melville's cabins.

"He hasn't come up this way?" Ben asked casually.

"He hasn't come through here that I know of. Of course I'm working at my claim—with my partners—and he might have gone through without our seeing him. It seems rather unlikely."

"He told me, in the few minutes that I talked with him, this cabin was somewhere close to this one—I thought he said this creek."

"There is a cabin up the creek—a ways," Neilson admitted, "but it isn't the one he means. It's on my claim, and my two partners are living in it. But when he said near to this one, he might have meant ten miles. That's the way we northern men speak of distance."

He said no more to the girl, refused an invitation to pass the night in the cabin, and made his way to the green bank of the stream. Four hundred yards from the cabin—obscured from both by the thickets—he pitched his camp.

Ben made his fire and unpacked his horses. He confined his riding horse with a picket rope, the others he turned loose. Then he cooked a simple meal, himself and the gannet servant at his heels.

When the night had come down in full, and as he sat about the glowing coals of his supper fire, he had time to devote serious thought to the fate of Ezra.

Impelled by an urge within himself Ben suddenly knelt beside his lupine friend. He could not understand the flood of emotion, the vague sense of impending and dramatic events that stirred him to the quick. He only knew, with a knowledge akin to inspiration, that in Fenris lay the answer to his problem.

"Fenris, old boy," the man whispered, "can you find him for me, Fenris? He's out there somewhere—the man motioned toward the dark—and I want him. Can you take me to him?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

SPANISH FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
Of Columbia University.

1 chicken or young fowl, cut in pieces for serving.

1/2 cup bacon dice or 1/4 cup olive oil.

2 teaspoons paprika.

1 onion, medium sized.

1 clove garlic.

1 green pepper.

2 cups tomatoes.

2 cups water.

1 cup rice (well washed).

Sprinkle the pieces of chicken with the paprika and fry in the bacon fat or oil until nicely browned. In remaining fat fry the onion, thin sliced, the garlic, finely cut; the green pepper, cut in strips, and the rice. When rice is yellow, place all with the chicken in a kettle, add water and tomato, and cook slowly until chicken is tender and rice is soft. In serving, turn rice on to platter and on it lay the pieces of chicken. The rice will take up the liquid, leaving just enough to make it moist.

Note: The quantities of salt and pepper may not be sufficient. Always season more to taste.

THE MAN WHO SAW TOMORROW

CYRUS HALL MCCORMICK

While laboriously swinging a scythe in 1831 on his father's farm in Roanoke county, Virginia, and then slowly raking up the fallen wheat and tying it in sheaves, Cyrus Hall McCormick saw tomorrow. He was then 22 years old.

Young McCormick saw ahead to the time when the gathering of wheat would no longer be the work of weeks, followed by more laborious days of threshing and storing.

Late that year he produced the first harvesting machine. It was used in gathering a part of the year's crop. Three years later he had the machine patented, and in 1847 he moved to Chicago to begin their manufacture.

The development of western America and Canada has been due almost entirely to this one invention. William H. Seward has said that because of it "the line of civilization moves westward thirty miles each year."

He was elected a member of the French Academy because he had "done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

M McCormick not only saw beyond the needs of his early farm days; he anticipated the needs of the world, and he had vision enough to fill them by beginning the manufacture of his own inventions.

Circular frills which sometimes extend from elbow to wrist finish many of the season's smartest gowns. Even coats are taking up the fad and using fur for the ruffles.

A dancing frock sleeveless and full skirted, is of corn-colored satin, completely covered with small iridescent beads making no attempt at design.

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Girls! Girls! Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Save and Optimize to clear Dandruff and itching scalp. Sample free of Cuticura, Dept. 3, Malden, Mass.

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

By Edison Marshall
© 1922 Little, Brown & Company

BEN DARBY, a prisoner, is paroled to an old friend of the Darby family because it is proven by a noted alienist that Ben is a victim of amnesia. The old friend, EZRA MELVILLE, takes Ben on a journey to the Yuga River to locate on a rich claim left by Ezra's dying brother.

HIRAM MELVILLE, in Seattle lives Jeffery Neilson, leader of Ray Brent and

CHAN HEMINWAY, notorious crooks. They plan to steal the claim left by Melville and locate there before his brother can arrive. Brent is in love with Neilson's beautiful daughter, BEATRICE, who repulses him. When Ezra and Ben arrive at the north woods, the latter's memory suddenly returns. On the road to Snowy Gulch, where they were to procure supplies and call for

FENRIS, pet of the deceased Hiram, Ben and Ezra meet a frontiersman. While Ben is otherwise engaged Ezra learns from the traveler that Neilson and his gang have started toward Hiram's claim. Not wanting to endanger Ben's life, Ezra suggests that Darby go alone to Snowy Gulch, leaving Ezra to travel toward their destination. At Snowy Gulch Ben finds Fenris to be a wolf that has just broken loose and stands ready to destroy a beautiful girl.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

The fangs were bared, gleaming in foam, the hair stood erect on the powerful shoulders, and instantly Ben recognized his breed. It was a magnificent specimen of that huge, gaunt runner of the forests, the Northern wolf.

He knew this breed—the savage, blood-mad, fierce-eyed creature that turned, snarling at his approach. Fenris was only a fellow wilderness creature, a pack brother of the dark forests, and he had no further cause for fear.

"Fenris!" he ordered sharply. "Come here!" His voice was commanding and clear as the wind in the pines.

There followed a curious, long instant of utter silence and infinite suspense.

"Down, Fenris," Ben said again.

"Down," Fenris obeyed. Ben moved toward him. Watch unbelieved, Morris saw the fierce eyes begin to lose their fire. The stiff hair on the shoulders fell into place, tense muscles relaxed.

Ben stood beside him now, his hand reaching. "Down, down," he cautioned quietly. Suddenly the wolf crouched, covering at his feet.

Ben straightened to find himself under a wondering scrutiny by both Morris and the girl. "Good Lord, Darby!" the former exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

Suddenly Ben reached and took the wolf's head between his hands. Slowly he lifted the savage face till their eyes met. The wolf growled, then whinpering, tried to avert its gaze. Then a rough tongue lapped at the man's hand.

And now, for the first time, Ben found himself regarding Beatrice. He could scarcely take his eyes from her face. He knew perfectly that he was staring rudely, but he was without power to turn his eyes. Her dark eyes met his gaze.

"There's nothing I can say—to thank you," the girl was murmuring. "I never saw anything like it; it was just as if the wolf understood every word you said."

"Old Hiram had him pretty well trained, I suspect." The man's eyes fell to the shaggy form at his feet. "I'm glad I happened along, Miss—"

"Beatrice Neilson," I like her here.

"Neilson?" His mind seemed to leap and catch at the name. Just that day he had heard it from the lips of the merchant. And this was the house next door where dwelt his fellow traveler for the morrow.

"Then it's your father—or brother—who's going to the Yuga?"

"No," the girl answered doubtfully. "My father is already there. I'm here alone."

Then the gray eyes lighted and a smile broke about Ben's lips. Few times in his life had he smiled in quite this vivid way.

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